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THE TRIUMPH, OR WARRIOURS Welcome: A POEM

A. x. 34.

ON THE

GLORIOUS SUCCESSES Of the Laſt Year.

With the ODE for *New-Year's Day.* 1705.

By Mr. TATE,
Poet-Laureat to Her MAJESTY.

—Non enim Res geſtæ *Verſibus* comprehendendæ ſunt, quod longe melius *Hiſtorici* faciunt---- potius furentis Animi Vaticinatio adpareat. *P. Arb.*

LONDON:

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THE TRIUMPH.

OR

WARRIOURS Welcome:

A POEM

ON THE

GLORIOUS SUCCESSES

Of the Last Year:

With the ODE for New-Year's Day. 1705.

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By Mr. Tate,

Poet-Laureat to Her MAJESTY.

LONDON:

APOLOGY
TO FAME.

FOrgive, O Gen'rous Fame, *a tim'rous Muſe,*
That long your deſp'rate Service did refuſe:
Tim'rous in Youth, and cautious to engage,
But now Reduc'd, by Injuries and Age,
Below the bold Efforts of Epic *Rage;*
And frankly does to young Advent'rers yield
The Trophies of the Martial Muſe's Field.

Yet, lately ſummon'd by Alarms of Fame,
All Reſolute to Schellenberg *ſhe came;*
But ſoon diſpirited, and put to Flight
With the firſt Flaſhing of the Kindling Fight.

To

To Blenheim *next; but, baulk'd with the* Moraſs,
She left her Friends diſputing of the Paſs;
Amaz'd from the Tempeſtuous Field ſhe fled,
And hid in Silent *Shades her frighted Head.*

But now your TRYUMPH's ſafer Seaſon's come,
Sallies to Welcome *the brave* Warriour's *Home;*
And briskly marching with the ſhouting Crowd,
Thoſe Volleys *ſhe can hear, and be her ſelf as loud.*

The Pomp *comes on; and lo! th' inſpiring Sight*
Can Courage in the coldeſt Muſe excite;
Ev'n Mine, tranſported with Extemp're *Flame,*
Runs deſp'rate on to puſh an After-Game.
'Tis ſo; I hear her Charging Trumpet ſound;
O Fame farewel---- I dare not ſtand my Ground.

Up to her Zeal *could ſhe Perform in Fight,*
O what a Scene of Terror and Delight!
A New and Daring Rapſody *you'd find,*
To ſtartle Cenſure *and ſtrike* Envy *blind.*

The

THE WARRIOURS Welcome, &c.

O For a Muſe of Flame, the Daring Fire
That *Blenheim*'s Battling Warriours did inſpire;
Fury like Theirs, that, thro' the Smoaky Fight,
Out-dazled Danger, and made Horror Bright;
So ſhould the Martial Muſe's Song Amaze,
Flaſh in the Reader's Eyes, and make the Paper Blaze.

Halt hasty Hero! whither would you press
Your Game of Glory? Whither push Success?
War's Garland gain'd, no more Adventures run;
Enoff is Dar'd; Secure the Lawrels won.
Fam'd *Schellenberg*-- hold there your Foes at Bay,
'Tis now their Turn the Desp'rate Part to play;
Deep in Arrears to Fame for Honour lost,
And bound to Pay whate'er the Purchase cost.

What? *Donawert*, the Fair and Wealthy Dame,
So soon forsook for a new Quest of Fame?
E'er Harrass'd Courage his spent Breath regains,
While welt'ring Slaughter loads the Groaning Plains,
And *Danube*'s hurrying Stream runs scar'd with Purple Stains.

Halt hasty Hero! Victory's your Friend,
And Fortune your Adventures would attend;
With You th'enamour'd Nymph would fain Proceed,
But falters, flags, and faints beneath your Fiery Speed.

Turn--- 'tis War's Lott'ry where the Prize may fall
To Undeſervers--- do not hazard All---
O deaf to ev'ry Cry, but Glory's charming Call.

Audacious Muſe! How darſt thou, Wretch, eſſay
To ſtop a Warriour on his Glorious Way?

Why? Look Abroad ſee Seas of Danger join'd,
To ſwallow All! ſee Foes and Fates combin'd;
Th' Imperial Eagle drooping with Diſtreſs,
The Gallick Dragon Creſted with Succeſs,
Brandiſh't aloft behold his threatning Stings,
And ſee, Oh ſee, beneath his Baleful Wings,
The Shaddow'd Nations ſtruck with Terror dead.

Why that's the Seaſon that of *Europe*'s Panick Dread,
For *Britain*'s Troops to March, and *Marlborough* to Lead.

Hail Gen'rous Champion, that couldſt undertake
War's deſp'rate Game when *Europe* was the Stake:

With ſteddy Fire and manag'd Fury go
To ſtrike, O Fates! the great deciding Blow.
A Num'rous Valiant Enemies Camp alarm,
At once Aſtoniſh Them, and Conqueſt Charm;
Raviſh the Warriour's long-conteſted Crown,
And reap in one pitch'd Field the Harveſt of Renown.

Young *Ammon* with Old *Philip*'s Gen'ral Sped,
Parmenio Council'd when Young *Ammon* Led;
Thro' Diſcipline of long experienc'd Care,
Julius in Camps had Slav'd, the Drudge of War;
With Fifty hard-fought Fields he fix'd his Name
Foremoſt in Story.---*Britain*'s Gen'ral came,
At one bold Puſh ſwept All, and broke the Bank of Fame.

" Heroick Deeds, Heroick Thoughts infuſe,
" And ev'ry Conqueror creates a Muſe; Mr: *Waller*.
But what when Truth tranſcends whate'er was feign'd,
And Fact o'er Fancy has th' Aſcendant gain'd.
How then ſhall Poetry's decrepit Age
Produce a Genius of proportion'd Rage?

Or

Or who amongſt her Sons of Youthful Fame,
A Preſident for unexampled Flame?
Maro's too Modeſt, *Homer*'s Heat too Cold,
Her Raving Pindar's ſelf ſcarce ſo ſublimely bold.

From Faery-Land let *Britain*'s *Spencer* Riſe,
And *Milton* ſoar his loftier *Paradiſe*,
Still Martial Merit mounts into Superiour Skies.

Then *Boileau* blame not, with miſtaken Pride,
The Chance that caſt Thee on the looſing Side;
Since now, poſſeſſing all thy Fields of Praiſe,
Valour her own Triumphant Arch can raiſe,
And ſcorns with Poetry to ſhare the Bayes.
Wit, from her Seat of State, in Conqueſt's Wain,
Is now an humble Waiter in her Train.

Vig'rous thy Muſe, and practis'd long to Tow'r
With the Dead Weight of Perjur'd Pageant Pow'r,
In Artifice of flatt'ring Colours skill'd,
To grace Brib'd Conqueſt, and Bought Glory gild.
Why ſhould ſhe quit her Monarch in Diſtreſs?
When *Lewis* looſes, ſhe commands Succeſs:

In Rout her ſtrong Reſerves retrieve the Day,
Her Pencil makes his Gloomy Proſpect Gay,
Well ſhe can Paint, and *Lewis* well can Pay.

Come, bid her Rally, and once more appear
In glitt'ring Arms her drooping Chiefs to chear;
Twice wretched, on their late Misfortune's Score,
And in a Thankleſs Maſter's Cenſure more;
Who meanly could his Warriours Conduct blame,
To ſhroud his ſinking Fortunes in their Shame.

Let therefore *Boileau* and his gen'rous Muſe
Perform a Juſtice *Lewis* did refuſe;
'Tis you muſt do the daring *Tallard* Right,
Give him a Triumph tho' he loſt a Fight.

Think how your great *Turene* on Action went,
How *Luxemberg*; let *Tallard* ſo preſent:
So let him look, and let, with him, advance
The Pride of Chivalry and Flow'r of *France*;
Whoſe blazing Equipage bright Terror darts,
The riſing Morning at the Luſtre ſtarts,
All *Perſian*-gay their Dreſs with *Macedonian* Hearts.

On rising Ground his marshall'd Troops display,
His bold Batallions drawn in deep Array,
All like their Leaders, All Alert and Gay,
Fierce as Commission'd Winds to scourge the Main,
To strip the Forrest, and to scour the Plain.
The Day, by powerful Odds already won,
And Conquest Captiv'd e'er the Fight's begun.

Odds! what are Odds against Resistless Charms?
ANNA's the Word, and *Marlborough* allarms,
Whose Foll'wers, with Superiour Courage steel'd
And rising Hearts, as tall a Prospect yield,
And to a Level bring th' unequal Field.

Defect of Numbers unseen Pow'rs supply,
The *CAUSE*, the *QUEEN*, and *HEAV'N*, her firm Ally,
Her early Zeal such Succours did provide,
That, when the Fortune of the Field was try'd,
Confed'rate Angels battled on her Side.

On Then

Then bid your vanquiſh'd value their Retreat,
And more than common Conqueſt this Defeat;
Glorious the Loſs, did ſuch a Triumph yield.
To fight th' Invincible, and make a *Doubtful* Field.

But ah what Funds of Wealth can *Lewis* raiſe,
Or what your mightier Muſe of richer Praiſe,
To ballance the Advent'rous Partner's Coſt?
Oh what Equivalent---
For Honour, Conſcience, and a Country loſt?

Ill-fated Prince whom flattering Charms withdrew,
So falſe and fatal Meaſures to purſue,
Foe to your Friends, and to the Faithleſs True.

In rightful Arms how great had been your Name,
Oh what a Stock of Conduct, Courage, Fame,
Thrown All, All off at an Inglorious Game!
O diſmal Change from Glory's ſwelling Height,
To the low wretched Ebb of an unpitty'd Fate.
In *Europe*'s Cauſe hadſt thou ſo bravely fought,
The Service had immortal Lawrels got;

Inſulted Empire, ſet from Bondage free,
Amongſt her Guardians had acknowledg'd Thee.
Renown with *Eugene*'s Name had written Thine,
Eugene's and Yours had form'd the ſecond Line,
Next mighty *Marlborough*'s eternally to ſhine.

Strange Magick of Ambition, a Diſeaſe
Can Reaſons Pow'rs, with ſuch Delirium ſeize,
And, like a *Calenture*, make Ruin pleaſe;
Transform a Potentate, from Sov'reign Rule,
To Miſchef's Martyr, and a Tyrant's Tool.
On Fate enamour'd, and to Council blind,
Ah! diſmal Doom! but rightfully aſſign'd
For Troublers of the World and Traytors to Mankind.

Yet Fortunate ſhall the Diſaſter be,
If Trimming States and Tricking Courts in Thee,
Their common Danger common Safety ſee.
So, ſoon ſhould be War's Hurricanes ſuppreſt,
And the long harraſs'd World at Length have Reſt:

Ruin and Slaughter's deafning Cries ſhould ceaſe,
All lull'd aſleep in the ſoft Arms of Peace.
Here's thy laſt Anchor, Hope, and may it hold---
Impertinent, faint, formal, flat and cold.
Y'are diſtanc'd, Loſt! unleſs at ſecond Courſe,
You ſtretch and fetch it up with double Force.
Breath and Proceed--
What wou'd you ha' me write;
Blenheim, the Theme of Wonder and Delight;
Blenheim and Battle. Wou'd you ſink the Fight?
Pretending Poet! Why then do you ask,
Who know my Weakneſs, that *Herculean* Task?
A Task that does the Myſtick Talent crave,
To rage with Order, and with Reaſon rave.
Thus in Tempeſtuous Fight---
Did *Britain*'s Chief a Gen'rals Part perform;
Sedate in Conduct, while with Courage warm;
'Twas thus our Hero rag'd, and lighten'd thro' the Storm.

What

What wou'd you have, your *Homer* in a Shell?
Troy's Tale he told, and *Blenheim*'s he may tell,
When *Simois* Streams above the *Danube* ſwell.

What Parchment *Blenheim*'s Battel can contain?
Have you a Scrowl to cover *Blenheim*'s Plain?
From *Haſſael-brook* to *Hockſtet*, Front, the Flank
From *Aghberg*'s wond'ring Wood to *Danube*'s bloody Bank.
A ſpacious Tract, yet where's the Spot of Ground
Left, in that glorious Action unrenown'd?
Point out the Field of War that ever bore,
Or reap'd, a nobler Crop of Arms before,
No! never Field of Fame manur'd with richer Gore.

And when d'ye think to finiſh *Blenheim*'s Fight?
A Minuit on't would take an Age to write;
A Moment Muſe: Think on the grazing Ball;
D'ye ſtart? Oh 'twas a Chance that ſtunn'd us All!
Who dares the dreadful Circumſtance relate,
How near all *Europe*'s in her Champion's Fate!

The diſmal Pauze, and that amazing Dread
Was then thro' the whole Scene of Action ſpread!
The Damp when Valour's boyling Blood grew chill,
And all the vaſt Machine of War ſtood ſtill.
An Army Muſe that Inſtant ſeem'd t' expire,
To ſee their leading Light eclips'd in Mire;
Of Life no Symptom left, but what his ſelf did yield,
Freſh Blazing from the Cloud and Livening all the Field.

Becauſe one Muſe *Worthy a Conq'rer's Name*
Soar'd to the Zenith of Heroick Flame,
Wou'd you a new *Promethean* Theft aſpire,
And offer at inimitable Fire?
Go catch the Twinklings of a Starry Beam,
The dancing Glories of a Sunny Stream,
Do this, and then of *Blenheim's* Battel dream.

You the Pretender are, unleſs you know
Where ſtand th' Heroick Pillars, fix'd to ſhow
Wits outmoſt Bounds, as long as *Boyne* ſhall flow.
O Conqueſt reſt content, you once were Crown'd
There, there's the Fund of Fame will keep thee ſtill renown'd.

'Tis

'Tis ſo, yet ſomething, Bard, we muſt eſſay,
For Duty ſummons, and we muſt obey.

Then try your Skill: a well-prim'd Canvaſs ſtretch,
And boldly ſtrike--- No! firſt let's ſee your Sketch.
Well: Place me now your Principal, fore-right;
Not There--a nearer Ground and ſtronger Light.
What! This His Action? This the noble Air
That ſparkled in the Fore-head of the War?
Down with your Pallet, Dauber, and Deſpair.

And when your Leading Figure is expreſt,
Where will you think to throng the ſhining reſt?
Our GALAXIE of CHEIFS that, with conſpiring Flame,
In ſtrong Conjunction Crown'd the Hemiſphere of Fame.
To compaſs All, and make your Peice intire,
An *Iliad* and an *Æneid* will require;
Stern Truth and Honour (Muſe) this Juſtice crave;
And this the Gen'rous *Marlborough will* have,

That Partiſans, who could ſo nobly dare,
And ſhar'd his Danger, ſhould the Glory ſhare.
You'll crowd the Work to bring 'em all in Sight,
Omit the Leaſt you looſe a Maſter-Light.
Steal down a Planet from his Orb, unmiſt,
Then try to ſink one ſhining Name of Theirs from Honour's (Liſt.

No farther, Valiant Chiefs, your Fame advance;
Already on the *Frontiers* of Romance.
Hiſtory drops the Pen, nor dares record
Th' Adventures and Succeſſes of the Sword;
Asks how the World for Truth ſhall entertain
Your Scene of *Blenheim*'s Field, and *Hockſtet* Plain,
A Captiv'd Army, and an Army ſlain.
The Poſting Minuits ſtopt, and ſtood amaz'd,
Time's ſelf, old Time, upon the Wonder gaz'd;
And ballancing the Preſent with * Paſt,
Cry'd; " 'Tis too much for Chronicle, too vaſt
" For Credit's Compaſs; Part muſt be ſuppreſt,
" That After-Ages may believe the reſt.

* *The Fight at* Schellenberg.

Wing'd

Wing'd Rumour with the joyful Tidings flew,
And round her all the list'ning Nations drew,
But wanted Breath to utter the Surprize,
Nor could the Hundred Mouths of Fame suffice;
Nothing but huddled Wonders could express,
Cry BLENHEIM, BATTLE, MARLBOROUGH, SUCCESS,

Disfurnish the proud *Louvre*, strip *Versailles*;
Forg'd are their Arrays, Fights, and false their Tapstry Tales.
Dismantle Blasphemy, and in her Place,
Let *Truth* and *Blenheim* the wrong'd Pallace grace.

No Muse, 'twill make the *Danube* blush anew,
To see the *Seine* usurp our *Thames*'s Due.
That Triumph's His, and he reserves it All
To beautify his *ANNA*'s new WHITE-HALL;
When from its Urn shall rise the *Phœnix*-Pile,
The Wonder of the World, and worthy *Britain*'s Isle.

What

What now! Stoln Home? Come back to *Hockſtet* Dale,
Deſerting Bard: You tremble and turn pale;
The Battel's o'er; what makes your Spirits fail?

A Grief I cannot bear, and he that can
Muſt ſure be leſs or ſomething more than Man!
The Field is won--- but ſee the Crimſon Stain
On Conqueſt's Brow, Ah Muſe, our Worthies Slain
The Life of War laid Breathleſs on the Plain!
You now turn Pale, nor longer can diſguiſe
The Uproar of your ſwelling Breaſt and Eyes;
No longer can your ſtarting Tears conceal,
Th' impriſon'd Sighs will from your Boſom ſteal.

No more: Call in the TRYUMPH; that may yield
A Salvo Bard---
I cannot have the Field;
Till o'er the weltring Worthies firſt you ſing
A parting Verſe; 'tis that muſt Comfort bring,
And where to Death they bledd make deathleſs Lawrels ſpring

Your

Your Zeal, tho' juſt, muſt wait the proper Time;
I'll teach you then on Sorrow's Wing to climb;
But now muſt make a Truce with Grief and Rhyme.

I'll teach you then the Charm that ſhall beguile
Lamenting Love, and make a Mourner ſmile;
The Mateleſs Nightingal no more complain
And dying Swan revive to hear a ſweeter Strein.
While grieving Friends ſhall think the tuneful Breath
Ah! ſcarce too dearly purchas'd, tho' by Death;
And while our Worthies ſleep in Conquer'd Ground
Fame's Trumpet ſhall their glorious Names reſound;
Eccho'd by all the grateful Nations round.

At Home we'll raiſe a Mauſolæan Pile,
To drown (Ah! pious Grief!) *Britannia*'s Iſle.

Yet *Britain*'s ſelf chief Mourner ſhall appear,
And *Britain*'s Queen vouchſafe a Viſit There:
A Viſit? More! ſhe ſhall vouchſafe a Tear;

A Tear, that fixing to a GEMM, ſhall ſhine,
An ever-blazing Lamp, to light the Warriour's Shrine.

Now for another Canvaſs we ſhou'd call;
On freſh Deſigns and new Adventures fall:
Another Proſpect ſhou'd diſplay, and draw
Th' Imperial Eaglet perch'd on proud *Landau*;
While the 'maz'd World, charm'd with ſo early Fire,
Th' Auſpicious, Bold, Firſt Flight of the Sun's Bird admire.

Then diſtant Wonders repreſent afar,
Ten *Troys* Attack'd and Storm'd in *GIBRALTAR*;
Then launch from Shore into a *Floating* War.
Ruſh thro' the Cannons Smoak, and bring to light
The ſmother'd Glories of a Naval Fight;
How *Britains* Fleet compell'd the Foe to yield
(The freſh, flush'd Foe,) and kept the watry Field
'Gainſt all Advantages Advantage gain'd,
And valiantly her Ocean-Claim maintain'd:
Ev'n when of Naval Thunder quite bereft,

All

All ſpent, and only *Britiſh* Courage left,
Reduc'd to the *Dumb* Figure of a Fight,
How then they fac'd, and *Look'd* the Foe to Flight.
Stern *Marius* ſo the Murd'rer did ſurvey,
And frown'd th'aſſaſſating Slave away.
But the Sea-Battle will Sea-Room require ;
Fame's Tryumph waits and we muſt now retire ;
To Native *Thames* expecting Banks return,
Where *Albion* does her Abſent Hero mourn.
The Trumpet calls and I muſt wing away
To celebrate the Tryumphs of the Day ;
To *ſing* the Glorious Year a kind *Adieu*,
And to the Guardianſhip of Fame commit th'auſpicious New

THE TRYUMPH.

WHere beauteous *Greenwich* views, with graceful Pride,
Her Charms reflected in the Chryſtal Tide,
There *Britons*, on your *Thames* proud Bank, behold
Fame's Chariot blazing all with Gems and Gold.
There Art and Coſt their Rival Forces join,
In friendly Strife to crown the great Deſign:
There living Imag'ry, with ſtrange Delight,
And figur'd Action charm the gazing Sight,
Warm *Schellenberg*, and *Blenheim*'s breathing Fight.
War's marching Equipage and glorious Train.
With all that her emblazon'd Fields contain,
Th' Aſſemblage make of Fame's Triumphant Wain.
Of the Sun's Breed the fiery Steeds appear,
And Lawrell'd Conqueſt is the Charioteer.

Another

Another Stately Wonder ſtanding by,
Britannia, with bright Enſigns waving high;
Heralds th' Imperial Emblems of her Court,
Her Crown, her Sceptre, and her Globe ſupport.
On her broad Banners loud her Lions roar,
Deep her Retinue ſpread, and cov'ring all the Shore.
With ſtately Grief an *Eaſtward* Sigh ſhe ſent;
And call'd with ſo auguſt a Voice as rent
The Neighb'ring Seas, and diſtant Continent.

Europa hear; ſince huſh'd are War's Alarms,
Reſtore my Hero to my longing Arms;
Your State's ſecur'd, your Fears and Dangers o'er,
My Hero to my longing Arms reſtore.
The Field is done, but ah! his Task renew'd,
Nor can his Toils with the Campaign conclude.
For *Europe*'s Safety doom'd to double Care,
The Soldier's and the States-man's Part to bear:
Your Oracle as well as Sword and Shield,
Nor leſs in Council Active than in Field.

Conſign'd

Conſign'd to glorious Labour's endleſs Round,
Hard Lot! but what the World's firſt Worthies found,
Thus *Theſeus*, thus *Alcides* grew Renown'd.
Thus muſt Tranſcendant Excellence be preſt,
Renounce its own Repoſe to give the Nations Reſt.

She ſaid---- High ſeated on the ſwelling Tide,
The Wat'ry Pow'rs appear in all their Ocean-Pride,
Shell-ſounding *Tritons* on the Right were plac'd,
And Vocal *Nereids* the Left Circle grac'd,
In charming Conſort join'd they Sing and Play
To chear the grieving Dame, and chide the Fleet's Delay.

In Streins of Martial Movement they expreſs
The Hero's March, Adventure and Succeſs.
Through *Schellenberg* they urge the Fate of *France*;
To *Blenheim*'s Field the Conq'ring Song advance.
They preſs and puſh the Foe from Ground to Ground,
Till Fighting-Room the Foe no longer found.
Till *Danube*'s Stream, choak'd to a *Stygian* Lake,
Thro' plunging Squadrons can no Paſſage make.

O Thunder Stroke that ſhook the Gallick Throne!
A Stroke that made the Gallick Genius groan,
Alarm'd her panting Realm with ancient Fears,
Scar'dwith up-ſtarting Ghoſts of *Creſſey* and *Poictiers*.

They chang'd their Note; and in a ſofter Style;
They ſung the Bleſſings of *Britannia*'s Iſle;
By ſpecial Priviledge of Nature hurl'd ----
Apart, and made a ſelf-ſufficient World.

To Father *Thames* they thankfully addreſs;
Congratulating his late Happineſs;
An Honour'd * Envoy, from his humble Bed,
T' a Lofty Park and Royal Audience led.
Bleſs'd Muſe, that couldſt to *ANNA*'s Preſence call
Our Ocean-Court, and from the Sacred Hall
With her Commiſſion'd Hero's fiery Speed,
Set out, Sail, March, Encounter and Succeed.
O *Pegaſæan* Progreſs, ſwift and ſure!
O Proſp'rous, Bold, and Daringly Secure!

* *Letter to Mr.* Boileau *on the* Blenheim *Victory*

Confign'd to glorious Labour's endleſs Round,
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Through *Schellenberg* they urge the Fate of *France*;
To *Blenheim*'s Field the Conq'ring Song advance.
They preſs and puſh the Foe from Ground to Ground,
Till Fighting-Room the Foe no longer found.
Till *Danube*'s Stream, choak'd to a *Stygian* Lake,
Thro' plunging Squadrons can no Paſſage make.

O Thunder Stroke that ſhook the Gallick Throne!
A Stroke that made the Gallick Genius groan,
Alarm'd her panting Realm with ancient Fears,
Scar'd with up-ſtarting Ghoſts of *Creſſey* and *Poictiers*.

They chang'd their Note; and in a ſofter Style;
They ſung the Bleſſings of *Britannia*'s Iſle;
By ſpecial Priviledge of Nature hurl'd ----
Apart, and made a ſelf-ſufficient World.

To Father *Thames* they thankfully addreſs;
Congratulating his late Happineſs;
An Honour'd * Envoy, from his humble Bed,
T' a Lofty Park and Royal Audience led.
Bleſs'd Muſe, that couldſt to *ANNA*'s Preſence call
Our Ocean-Court, and from the Sacred Hall
With her Commiſſion'd Hero's fiery Speed,
Set out, Sail, March, Encounter and Succeed.
O *Pegaſæan* Progreſs, ſwift and ſure!
O Proſp'rous, Bold, and Daringly Secure!

* *Letter to Mr.* Boileau *on the* Blenheim *Victory*

They ſung *Auguſta* their Imperial Dame,
Auguſta the *Metropolis* of Fame,
E'r *Rome* determin'd her diſputed Name;
And *Rome*, when Miſtreſs of the World, excell'd
As far as *Thames* above the *Tyber* ſwell'd.
Above the Clouds they rais'd her Caſtled Head
Before her Feet-----
The Tributary Worlds collected Treaſure ſpred.

Britannia's pious Hierarchy they ſing;
Her Sons reliev'd by Royal Bounty's Spring.
Here Miſers, in this gen'rous Inſtance, ſee
A Wonder-Working Spring of Charity.
So fell th' Ambroſial, the Celeſtial Dew
On Deſart Grounds, and in the *Gath'ring* grew.
O Sons of Wealth this Preſident purſue,
And, by expending, your *bleſt* Stores renew.

Bri-

Britannia's Peers they ſung, in Counſel ſet,
Like Firſt-Orb Stars in ſhining Conſult met;
Blazing in Wonder at each others Fires,
And all the Sons of Glory rank'd in Quires.

Her Repreſenting Galaxie, (the Pride
Of *Albion*, Dread of all the World beſide.)
The Conſtellation, on whoſe Aſpects wait
Depending *Europe*'s Fortune and her Fate:
Their kind Proviſions for the Publick Wants,
And doubling, by *Diſpatch*, their gen'rous Grants.

They bleſt the Managry of thoſe Supplies,
So Regular, ſo Conſtant, Juſt, and Wiſe;
The Care could make the State-Engagements good,
Supply the Field, yet not exhauſt the Flood,
But circling keep the Maſs of *Britain*'s vital Blood.
O duly, Honour, were thy Enſigns plac'd
On Worth that Honour's nobleſt Order grac'd;
The great expiring YEAR for the juſt Tryumph call'd,
And bleſt the Glorious Day when Honour was inſtall'd.

They ſung the PALACE, Piety's Reſort,
Tranſlated from the Cell to ſhine at Court.
How Virtues and the Graces Sacred Train
Were Crown'd with *ANNA*, and with *ANNA* Reign.
Since therefore, now, with SOV'REIGNTY indu'd,
'Tis Breach of LOYALTY, 'tis TREASON to be *Lewd*.

They ſung their Guardian *GEORGE*; betimes renown'd.
And early with immortal Lawrel Crown'd.
Whoſe Princely Virtues make it underſtood
That Greatneſs is a Pow'r of doing Good;
And, like the Sun, the Higher it aſcends,
The farther its Indulgent Beams extends.
O Clemency with Grandieur Reconcil'd!
Meridian Luſtre, yet, as Morning, Mild.
Here *Cam* and *Iſis* your beſt Skill employ;
The Muſes Seats ſhould ſing the Muſes Joy.
For *Britain*'s Patron your beſt Srrein prepare;
And in the Song let Lawrell'd *Liffee* ſhare;
Her Harp's Harmonious, and tho' ſhort her Streams,
None ever bleſt with more inſpiring Dreams.

Sing,

Sing, ſing Aloud, ſing All, for ever ſing
The Reſcu'd Brother and Protected King.

The Queen they would have ſung, and pauz'd to gain
Recruits of Breath to reach the Charming Strein ;
They pauz'd, but e'er they could afreſh begin,
The liſtning Nymphs of *Greenwich* Groves ſtruck in.

War's Wreath we muſt reſign to abler Bow'rs;
Yet ſtill the Queen, the Gracious Queen, is Ours.
To her the *Greenwich* Rural Groves belong,
(Nor ſcorns the Gracious Queen the *Sylvan* Song)
For her we teach our *Nightingals* to ſing,
For her foreſtal the Glories of the Spring ;
In early Tribute to the Royal * Day, *Feb.* 6.
Make Gloomy Seaſons ſmile, and Winter Gay.

Hail Patroneſs of Nations! ever live,
To ſhare the Bleſſings to the World you give.
More than *Aſtræan* Virtue muſt obtain,
More than the Bleſſings of *Aſtræa*'s Reign.
Unlabour'd Land a ſtarting Crop ſhall yield,
And unſown Plenty load the willing Field.

Ambroſial Spice on ev'ry Thorn ſhall blow,
The *Syrian* Rose on ev'ry Bramble blow:
The Thistle too her Verdure ſhall encreaſe,
And Bloſſom freſh with Amity and Peace.

Live Patroneſs of Nations, ever live
To crown the Bleſſings to the World you give.

Live! but deſcend from your high Region down
Into ſome Sphere of Credible Renown!
For ſhould we your proportion'd Praiſe proclaim,
'Twould ſtagger Credit, draw Diſtruſt on Fame;
Unleſs, a Theme ſo glorious to adorn,
We ſpring new *Mines* of Wit, and a *Tenth* Muſe be born.

We'll do't---- The richeſt Ore of undiſcover'd Thought
Shall into Fancy's Maſter-Mint be brought
Till ſome Reſembling Medal can be wrought,
We'll ranſack Father Ocean's hoarded Store;
(But he's your Vaſſal, and 'twas Yours before)
To Region's Rove of more inſpiring Pow'rs,
To ſeize the Glories of *Elyſian* Flow'rs,
And Souls of Roſes in Ætherial Bow'rs.

More had they ſung, but their ſoft Muſick found
In Cannon's Noiſe and louder Shouting drown'd.
They found the *Nereids* and the *Tritons* div'd,
Britannia's Wiſhes Crown'd, her Hero ſafe Arriv'd.

Fame leads the landed Warriour to her Wain;
But modeſt Valour does the Pomp refrain,
And over Triumph's ſelf the nobleſt Triumph gain.

Why (ſaid ſhe) in this gen'ral Joy, ah why
The only Suff'rer, only Mourner, I?
Friend to the World (your Favours they proclaim)
And never till this Hour a Foe to Fame;
But me your conſtant Lover you ſhall find,
Fame ſtill ſhall court her Hero, tho' unkind.

In vain you ſhun the Pomp that will purſue;
The Triumph you avoid will follow You.
Thro' Charm'd *AUGUSTA*'s Streets your Trophies born,
Your Conquest *Britain*'s Capitol Adorn.

The

The ODE for *New-Year's Day*,

Perform'd to Muſick before Her MAJESTY, *January* the Firſt, 1705.

FRom Fates dark Cell to Empire call'd,
Ah how forlorn muſt I appear,
Succeeding to the Glorious Year,
That has the Mart of Fame foreſtall'd.
Conqueſt, Triumph, ev'ry Bleſſing,
Nothing left for thy poſſeſſing,
War's Wreath from Thee untimely torn,
Of all bereft,
No Garland left
Thy Cradle to adorn.
Ah wo! wo! wo! that ever I was born!
Ceaſe, Oh Ceaſe, (old Time replies)
My Darling Infant Ceaſe thy Cries,

Thy Predeceſſor we muſt own
Paſt Ages to have far outſhone,
But ſtill for Thee to ſhine, Fame's ſpacious Orb has room;
Great are the Bleſſings paſt, but greater Thine to come.
While *Anna* and *George* their Empire retain
Of the Land and the Main,
All over Pacifick the Ocean ſhall ſmile,
And *Britain* be ever the Fortunate Iſle.

Hark how our *Albion* Shores rebound,
And *Europe* ecchoes to the Sound;
Long may the Royal Pair remain
Guardians of the Land and Main,
Albion and *Europe*'s ſafe while They and Virtue Reign.
Yes, Virtue has the Aſcendant got,
Force and Fraud muſt now obey;
In vain perfidious Tyrants Plot,
While Pious Princes Pray.
In vain is Ambition ſuperiour in Arms,
Againſt Valour and Virtue and Piety's Charms.

All odds but theſe the Foe cou'd boaſt,
But all too weak Relief
Againſt an *Engliſh* Hoſt,
Led by an *Engliſh* Chief:
Succeſs will wait on War by ſuch a Gen'ral Wag'd,
For ſuch a Glorious Queen and Glorious Cauſe Engag'd.

Grand Chorus.

While *Anna* and *George* their Empire retain
Of the Land and the Main,
And a MARLBOROUGH Fights
Secure are the Rights
Of ALBION and EUROPE in PIETY's Reign.

FINIS.

c. 12.

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